## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write plainty on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over

Original stories or letters only Write young name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story, Address all communications to Uncle

Jel Bulletin Office. Whatever you are be that Whatever you say—Be trust propositionwardly act. Its honest—in fact.
Be needly else but you? Whatever you are Be that!

POETRY. My Paw Sald Sol

Foxes can talk if you-know how to Disten,
My Paw enid so.
Owis kave Mg eyes that sparkle an' glisten, 'My Paw said so. ellum trees.

My Paw-said so. An' steal all the honey away from the hees. An' they don't mind the winter, coz they never freeze. My Paw said so.

Girls is askared of a snake, but boys aln't, My Paw said so, They holler an' run; an' sometimes they faint, My Paw said so.

But boys 'ud be 'shamed to be fright-ered that way. When all that the snake wants to do I say, My Paw said so.

Wolves ain't so bad if you treat 'em all right. My Paw said so. They're ās fond of a game as they are of a fight.

My Paw said so.

An' all of the animals found in a

An boscs never show you the tricks tate or place. But I know the stories I'm tellin' are from home may learn more from ob- them.

The picture of a little girl (lame)

My Paw sold no. —Perrolt Free Press.

## Mud-Pie Day.

When I has smadered myself an' clo'es And am dot mad risen my nose,
An' pana comes to tell me "by"
An' picks me up an' "rv's a ple
In my hand, and it steems from
An' dets upon his coller, too.
Him says to marama, "Dreat Sam Hill.
Ot., well, 'at bests a doctor bill."

An' when there's company to tes, An' mamma comes to look for me An' finds me outdoors smugin' round An' sitting on the muddy ground, I am much lots of ples, visitors rolls up thom's eyes; mamma says, "Mus ples each day

An' night times, when I'm all world An' don't know what I cry about My mamma tikes my's shoes off and Holds my befe feets in her hand; Yen my dad says, "Boo-woo! what's

Tan't I det no o#e's fants to kiss?"
An' non him's whimers tickles me,
An' I'm as glad as I can be.
—Houston Post.

UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH WIDE-AWAKES.

I wonder where the Wide-Awakes

hew? Whether you go to the seaside, the countryside or the mountains, be sure and learn something new every daysomothing useful.

It doesn't pay to stand round like a blind man and see nothing. Some blind people sense more that is going on around them than those who have eyes to see.

It is as necessary for children to play, as it is for birds to fly, or other crestures to run, for it develops strength and endurance.

The study habit is not necessary in vacation time; but there are lots of things to be learned without study. Whatever you feel curious to know, find out-there is as much fun in the search for knowledge in this way as in solving a riddle or mastering a puzzle. Get the habit of wanting to know things and making respectful inquiry of people who may know, and they will be glad to tell you. If there is no one to tell you, bear the matter in mind until you find out. Finding out things that take time and patience makes one feel as if he had won a prize.

There are men and women who know things upon sight—the little plants in the garden by their form; the birds that pass them in the air by their size and manner of flight; the their size and manner of flight; the rocks by their crystalization and cleavage; the wild plants in the fields by er, is to play.

You've got to believe every word that their location and flower; the hills that were plowed up by glaciers from the hills formed in other ways; the stars in the heavens that give light from those that have only berrowed light, etc. It is a source of pleasure to recognize the butterflies in the field

Wide-Awakes who do not so away.

being alert for information. All who act upon these suggestions will be better writers, and purhaps the future book-winners of the Wide-

## THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1-Darothy V. Clark of Norwich, The 2-Frank M. Gray of Willimantic, The

5-Agnes Kamiski of Norwich, The

4-Cecolia Sterry of Brooklyn, N. Y., The Menday Brook Girls by the Sea. 5-Alfreda Walker of Gurleyville,

6-Martha Hargey of Uncasville :-Katherine Hickey of Montville Three Little Women at Work.

8-Harry Levi of Eografiville, Robin-The winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin busi-ness office for them at any hour after 9 a. m. Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT Anna LaRoche of Versailles: I thank

By JOHN F. NICHOLS.

LITTLE TOMMY'S PRAYER

In a dark and dismal alley, where ther the sunshine never came, Dwelt a little fad named Tommy, sickly, delicate and lame; He had never yet been healthy, but had hin since he was born, Dragging out his weak existence wellnigh hopeless and forlorn,

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas Just five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him,
and the babe was crippled so.
He had never known the comfort of a mother's tender care. But her cruei blows and curses made his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar, from the morning till the night.
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated, peught to make his dull life

Not a single friend to love him, not a living thing to love-For he knew not of a Saviour, or a heaven up above.

Tommy lay will in the cellar, which had grown so dark and cold.

Thinking all about the children in the streets of shlning gold:

And he heeded not the darkness of that damp and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could
disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh, if I could only see it," thought the cripple, as he lay.

"Jessie said that Jesus listens and I thing Fil try and pray."

So he put his hands together and he closed his little eyes. And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't know afore That yer cared for little cripples who is weak and very poor,
And I never heard of heaven till that In the morning, when the mother And told me all about it, so I wants to She discovered that his features were a look of sweetest for

"Yer can see me, can't yer, Jesus! Jessie told me that yer could,
And I somehow must believe it, for it
seems so prime and good;
And she told me if I loved yer, I should see yor when I die, in the bright and happy heaven that is up beyond the sky.

Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no use here below.

For I heard my mother whisper she'd be gled if I could go;

And I'm cold and hungry sometimes;

never can decrease or end, and where Jesus reigns eternal, his Sovereign and his Friend,

and I feel so lonely, too, heaven along o' you?

'Oh! I'd be so good and patient and I'd never cry or fret, And your kindness to me, Jesus, would surely not forget: I would love you all I know of, and would never make a noise— Can't you find me just a corner, where

"Oh! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, some thing seems to tell me so, For I feel so glad and happy, and I do so want to go,

How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the children all so bright! Come and fetch me home to-night!"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had told his soul's desire, And he waited for the answer till his head began to tire; Then he turned towards his corner and lay huddled in a heap, Closed his little eyes so gently, and was quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer could have seen his little face.

As he lay there in the corner, in that damp and noisome place;

For his counterance was shining like

an angel's, fair and bright.

And it seemed to fill the cellar with a holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus from a ragged singing girl,
He might well have wondered, pondered, till his brain began to whirl; But he took it as she told ti, and be lieved it then and there, Simply trusting in the Saviour, and his kind and tender care.

And she shook him somewhat roughly, but the cripple's face was cold— He had gone to join the children in the

Tommy's prayer had soon been an swered and the Angel Death had To remove him from his cellar, to his bright and heavenly home, Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness

streets of shining gold.

you very much for the prize book entitled. The Automobile Girls in the Berkshires. I have read it through and think it is very interesting.

Thelma Boynton of North Franklin; thank you for the prize book you sent ne. I have read it and find it very lvy Fisk of Norwich: Thank you very

much for the prize book you gave me. Its name is Madge Morton's Victory. I have read it through. are going to spend their vacations, and Agnes Kaminski of Norwich: I thank you very much for my prize book, The Camp Fire Girls in After Years. I have read it and found it very inter-

esting. Nancy Tetrault of Versailles: I re ceived the prize book you sent me. read it through and found it very in teresting. I thank you very, very much

Doris Easterbrooke of Willimantic: received the prize book all right, read it through in four hours. Many

Cecelia Sterry of Brooklyn, N. Y .: received my prize book, which I have read through. I have let several friends read it and they say Madge Morton's Trust is a very interesting book. Almira Kramer of Colchester:

thank you very much for my prize book, Bunny Brown and Sister Sue at Camp Rest-a-While. Jessie L. Brehaut of Jersey City, N J.: My prize book entitled The Automobile Girls at Newport came to me
by mail this morning. I thank you
kindly for it. It is a very nice book
and I know I shall enjoy reading it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES.

The Newsgirl Finds Her Patience Re-

papers to help her family which was yery poor. Her mother was not strong enough to work, and she had no father. He had died when she was about two years old. Julia did not make yory much money an dit was very tiring standing so long in one place, and cometimes it rained, and in spite of the great shawl that her mother wrapped around her, it wasn't very please for there was nothing to be frightened at then.

She walked along caimly and none of our efforts could hurry her.

We were sitting huddled together in horse to see if we could not get in a little out of the rain.

In this way we reached home a dof-

ped around her, it wasn't very pleasint.

Julia wasn't at all pretty, she was
for thin. She was nine years old,
but so small that she looked hardly
secon or eight. She had unnaturalty large area one the little large My Paw said so.
An' all of the animals found in a wood
Ain't always ferectors. Most times they are good
The trouble is mostly they're misunderstool.
My Paw said so.

You can think what you like, but I sitck to it when
An' I'll keep right on sayin asain an aguin.
My Paw said so.

Maybe force don't talk to such people
Maybe force don't talk to such people
See you.

My Paw said so.

My Paw said so.

An' all of the animals found in a wood
Ain't always ferectors. Most times they are good
The trouble is mostly they're misunders after knowledge.
Got these limie words in your mind to store limie mostly was been mouth. Julia's grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence. Thus grouped and kept they become promptto stay—what, why, whence the chirdren most find that she looked beadly by large eyes. One thin little leg she
to stay—what, why, und what!

The people who can think that was really large eyes. One thin little leg she
to stay—what, why, und what!

The people who can think that was really large eyes. One thin little leg she
to stay—what, why, und what!

The people who can the stay of

stopped and bought two papers from her. He was a cross looking man, and fulls never ventured even a look him when he took the papers from Tonight he was late and Julia I saved the two papers for him. the saw him coming when he was mile a way off, and she took a few teps forward and said timidly:

rI saved them for you. Here they re sir.?

The old man stopped and looked at alin's rain wet face with eyes that he could hardly see, so hidden were her under busy eyebrows.

"Didn't think you'd be out tonight," he said gruffly, "So I bought my papers from a boy up the street,"
Julia fell back, "Oh," she vouchsafed, "I'm always here. I thought you were my customer."

were my customer."

"Well, well, your customer, eh, well, so I am, so I am. Didn't know you noticed people so sharply, never saw you look at me. Hore's a quarter, and we'll call it square, how's that?"

Julia's thin little face it up with a smile that transformed her.

"O, thank you," she breathed rapturously, and the man stood a moment and watched her limp hurriedly away.

and watched her limp hurriedly away He didn't know that with that ter cents of the precious quarter, Julia was going to buy a volume of fairy tales and think of herself as the most successful little girl in the world.

JESSIE L. BREHAUT. Jersey City, N. J.

Having a Good Vacation.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am spending a ice vacation in Jersey City and quite nice vacation in Jersey thy and quite njoying it. I have seen several disces of interest here, including Col-ate's Pactory, American Sugar Re-ning Co.'s factory, Post Office, Free Public Library, High School, and lots

of parks.

I greatly enjoy the ferry trip from fersey City to New York. Before eaching the city you can see all the all buildings, Woolworth's being the allest. The Statue of Liberty can e seen, too. Yesterday I went through several big department stores, Wanamaker's,

Yesterday I went through several bir department stores, Wanamaker's, Hearns, and another. Last week I went to Keith's Theatre and the show was fine, as It was mostly vaudeville. I also went to the Bon Ton, and that was good.

I hope all the Wide-Awakes are

having a good vacation, too.
LILLIAN M. BREHAUT. Jersey City, N. J.

Cooking School.

Every Tuesday, morning at half past en, the Seventh grade at Broad Street chool go down to cooking school at roadway. Miss Rogers r, and she is very nice. Miss Rogers is our teach-During the year we made many useful things that tasted good.

The girls have each a draw full of cooking utensils and a little gas range.

Tuesday, June 20, 1916, was the last time this term, because school closed our summer vacation. for our summer vacation.
The boys have a separate, apartment right beside us. They learn to do carpenter's work. They have many tools like the carpenters use.
The boys and girls have learned a

ent deal. Next year will be my last year and hope to make more things and learn

AGNES KAMINSKI, Age 13. Our Farm.

I live on a farm of 18 acres, which is mostly woodland.

We keep one cow, called Bessie, of a red color; and a calf called Dolly. She is red and white, with a white L on her forehead. We also have a white house called Prince.

1,000 peach trees. They are very small and will not bear this year.

I received a picture for gathering the most flowers. Another girl also got a prize for flowers.

I received a Comstock prize enti-tled: "The Works of Shakespeare," consisting of nine volumes.

I help my mother cook, also.
Here is a recipe for baked eels:

Baked Eels:-Prepare as for frying; then put into a baking pan with a little water, flour, pepper, and salt. Bake twenty minutes. Make a gravy of the liquor in which they were baked, adding a little butter. MARTHA HARGEY, Age 12.

Uncasville.

A Rainy Day. One beautiful sunshiny day during vacation, I and five or six of my friends decided to go on a picnic in some woods about three miles from my house. We started early in the mornhouse. We started early in the morning, about half past eight o'clock, after having put up a good dinner.

We hitched up the old horse and started off, a merry crowd,

As I think of it now, I am sure we would not have been so happy, if we could have looked shead a few hours; but we could not, so we started out prepared to enjoy ourselves thorough-We reached the woods; after a little while, for our horse went at a snall's pace, a favorite habit of hers. In fact, I never knew her to run but once, and that was when a mischlevous boy set off a firecracker behind her one Fourth of July.

When we got there we spread out our dinner awhile, for it was not noon then. Then we finally started to eat.

surfainer awhile, for it was not noon then. Then we finally started to eat. Suddenly we noticed a bank of great grey clouds in the northwest.

We finished our dinner hastily, piled the things into the wagon, and started off pellmeil. For a wonder our horse was frightened at the thunder which

from her work she spent in reading.

She read anothing, even the newspand here although she hardly understood would not even speak to the others. them.

The picture of a little girl (lame) which in truth she was hardly noticed by the great husiness crowd that swept has every day.

She learned not to expect kindly planess and to accept her pennies with the nonchalance of the newsbey who makes his papers a business and never rogards the crowds as possessing tearts, the night if rained hard and Julia leased against the brick wall, and catled her papers listily. The rain drane rolled off the fringe of the shawl and catled her papers listily. The rain drane rolled off the fringe of the shawl and catled her post.

Exercised the tranes and she was a cornel little spectacle, but the kat her post.

Exercised to accept the roll of the shawl and catled her papers listily. The rain drane rolled off the fringe of the shawl and catled her papers listily. The rain drane rolled after the place he came from sonny," said the father; a worth."

"And to think how foolish I ve been," said Weeky to himself; "but I'll never be proud again."

Norwich Town.

The Faithful Mare.

The Faithful Mare.

Among the horses in the stables of WILE SO he horse had served him faithfully when the mare was young. Then it ad been his only driving horse, and not once had the horse failed him.

When Farmer Brown died he left his property to his son. The son's policy was to get the most work out of the horses and soon the horses began to show signs of being overworked.

ed.
The old farmer's son forgot the faithful services of the mare and its age and worked him as hard as the

e went into the woods, bringing the ld mare with him to haul logs. A feec of wood fell on his leg, injuring so that he was helpless. An idea courred to him.

Calling the old mare to him, he grasped the bridle and the old mare faithfully dragged him home. The mare was no longer worked by the mare was no longer worked by the grateful son and died of a ripe old

age in peace SARAH HYMAN, Age 12, Norwich.

A Birthday Gift. A Birthday Gift.

A workbasket was given me by my mother on my birthday. It arrived by mail in the afternoon.

It was made of wood and had dainty linings. There was a drawer and some trays. It had hinges. There was tape in the workbasket and my initials were on the basket. There was also thread, scissors, thimble and an emery. The cover was yellow and an emery. The cover was yellow and embossed. I shall use it when I see embossed. I shall use it which
clothes for my doll or myself.

I have used it to make an apron
and a dress for my doll. I think I
shall make a cap for myself next.
ALFREDA WALKER, Age 11.

Gurleyville. A Canadian Fisherman.

Seated on a pile on a dock in Mon-treal, sat on old fisherman he had on a suit of rusty brown clothes, and up-on his head was perched an old batred soft hat with a large rent in the port side as he described it. His face was tanned a bronze hue by forty years of sun but what attracted at-tention was the broad and genial smile that covered his whole expanse of

He was known by the men, women and children as Smiley because of the continuous smile that seemed to be a part of him and seemed to stay on forever, in bad weather or good wea-ther, good luck or bad luck. When he spoke there was a curious accent that told of a French and Canadian ances

try.

He frequently took the children out with him and did many favors for them and made himself a general faforite, it was often said that the with him were as safe as with ESTHER HYMAN, Age 12.

Graduation Night. The graduation was held in the auditorium of our school. Only girls graduated because the school from the 6-B to 8-B is pre-vocational for

Norwich

board of education, each of whom daisies, golden butter-cups, and spoke a few words of advice to the sweet-scented clovers. graduates. graduates.

A dinner was served in the apartment for the principal and the members of the board of education. This

dinner was cooked by the girls.

Work done by graduates was also on exhibition in the auditorium. There was work from the following classes: Millinery, operating, cooking, industrial art, housekeeping, novelty and

iressmaking rooms, Compositions were written by some of the honor graduates on these dif-ferent courses on these different I hope the Wide-Awakes have seen as nice a graduation and hope they

will have a pleasant vacation. CECELIA STERRY, Age 13. Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Rose came home from school tat-tat! she became her father's housekeeper. She took care of her brothers and sisters and kept the little home in order: but sne liked best to use her pencil. She would gather the little ones about her and teach them how to draw

and with it she modeled figures.

The children made friends with the dogs and sheep in the fields near their dogs and steep in the heids near their home. They owned a goat which supplied them with milk.

Rosa Bonheur became a famous painter. Some of her paintings are Lilons at Home, The Horse Fuir and Highland Cattle.

GRACE MAHONEY, Age 11.

makes, rats, cats and many others like Most birds try, first of all, to find were given by the old man a pot of good hiding places.

good hiding places,
Some tiny warblers go to the tops of the tallest trees and hide their nest
Norw among the leaves. Orioles hang their swinging cradle
to at the end of a branch where cats,
pig, snakes and maighty boys cannot come.
Song sparrows tuck their little home
to a tuft of weeds on the ground, and

obolinks hide in the deep grass. After a place is found they ground and gather material to build their name with. They use grass, twigs, fine strips of bark, strings, porsehair, wool and many other things Robins and swallows make their nests of mud. As they go on building the mother bird gets inside and turns

around and around to make it fit her Some birds' nests are only platforms where it would seem as though the eggs would roll off, and others are deep burrows or holes in the ground where no one can get in. Some are dainty baskets bung between two twigs and others are cups of felt with lichens outside

There are as many different ways as there are varieties of birds to make

HARRY LEVI, Age 12.

Bozrahville. The First Day on the Beach. Everything was new to my sister ad I when we arrived at the seaand I when we arrived at the sea-shore. With shovels and palls we ran to the water. We made a house in the sand, dug wells, gathered shells and pebbles, and talked over the large

While my sister Catherine was deep in argument, Mary was full of mis-chief which she could not overcome, When all was quiet she drew an immense piece of seaweed and flung is Mary started and I followed, hitting

her at every step until she cried, but she was very mad, and while Mary waited for Catherine she slipped off waited for Catherine she supped off her shoes and stockings and jumped into the water and Mary followed, and what a race they had. Through the water and over the sand.

At last they both stopped on a rock to rest. They were all out of breath and their hair was all over their faces; their feet and heads were bare and water and water their faces.

and wet and covered with bits of sea-weed, all the result of this race. MILDRED E. WHITE, Are 15

Stafford Springs. Our Graduation Exercises.

The members of the eighth grade of the P. M. S. school held their graduation exercises. Thursday evening, June the 15th. In the afternoon each member went over to the hall where the graduation exercises were held, and trimmed it with black and orange crope paper, for black and orange were our class

Then we went to some of the neighbors, asking them for flowers. In a

few minutes each one of us came run-ning into the hall with our arms full of bouquets of flowers. We decorated the stage with these, which made it look very pretty and attractive. After that we went home to get ready for the graduation exercises. They started about 8 o'clock in the evening. Each pupil marched up on the stage, carrying a bouquet of white rose buds. There were 14 pupils in all, seven from our school and seven all, seven from our school and seven from different schools around. Sing-ing, reading of compositions and essays, and piano solos helped make the evening very enjoyable. The most enjoyable thing was the

play given by the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades, The Man Without a Country," and each pupil, taking off their part to perfection.

After the valedictory was read the diplomas were presented by the principal; and the Comstock prizes awarded to the pupils making the most im-provement during the year. The exercises closed with the song,

KATHERINE HICKEY, Age 14.

The Deserted House. Dear Uncle Jed: One pleasant Sun-day morning in June I went out for a walk with three of my school friends.

were singing their morning songs, and

every nod and then we could hear the trickling of a small brook. One object attracted my attention more than any thing else, and that was an old deserted farm house. This It was a pleasant evening, that of Tuesday, June 27, and the girls looked guite pretty in white as they slowly marched in, each carrying a bouquet of daisies and keeping time to the tune played by the teacher which was The Peace Hymn of the Republic. The 8-A grade, of which I am a pupil, assisted the graduates in singing all of the songs except Wiegenlied, a German song of three parts.

was an old deserted farm house. This farm house stood by a lonely country road about three miles from the near-town the near that their aunt from New York had arrived, for you know these little girls were cousins, Edna and Mildred being sisters.

"Now girls," said the kind lady, "Your mother has decided to let you them, the broken blinds swung back and forth with the gentlest breeze, and their aunt from New York had arrived, for you know these little girls on the wing for you know these little girls were cousins, Edna and Mildred being sisters.

"Now girls," said the kind lady, "your mother has decided to let you them, the broken blinds swung back and forth with the gentlest breeze, and their aunt from New York had arrived, for you know these little girls or you know these little girls or you were cousins, Edna and Mildred being sisters.

"Now girls," said the kind lady, "your mother has decided to let you with me; and of course, I know you won't object."

"Hecal or you know these little girls or you know these little girls arrived, for you know these little girls arrived, for you know these little girls arrived, for you know these little girls.

"Now girls," said the kind lady, "your mother has decided to let you won't object."

"Hecal or you know these little girls arrived, for you know these little girls white horse called Prince.

Our house is of a wood color and German song of three parts.

Our house is of a wood color and comman song of three parts.

Our house is of a wood color and German song of three parts.

Our house is of a wood color and German song of three parts.

We had many visitors from the which are filled with bright-eyed What a nice auntie, what a good with the Chinese long ago.

sweet-scented clovers.

Looking toward the east can be seen the large apple orchard. Upon strolling around in it we found an old seat under one of the apple trees in full sight of the house, and dreamed of the nany sights it may have witnessed.
As it was after six o'clock we ided to go home and left the house

standing in its desertedness.
DOROTHY V. CLARK, Age 12.

The Three Brothers.

Once upon a time there lived three poor little dwarfs in a tumble-down nouse by a roadside, and each dwarf owned a china mug.

One little dwarf was stingy. He did his mug up in tissue paper and cotton butting and kept it locked up in his third bureau drawer.

"I will keep it safe," said the first brother, "where nobody can use it is brother, "where nobody can use it is Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur was a French painter.
She was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822, and died in 1899.

The second little dwarf was selfish.

The second little dwarf was selfish. When she was 7 years old her mother died. Her father, a poor drawing mester, went to live in Paris, where he took care of his family. He was a hard said.

working man. Rosa ran wild. She gathered howers in the woods and played in the fields. Her face was canned, her hair was tangled and her ciothing was strange and odd.

Her rather sent his motherless girl Even my brothers can use it, teo," he

to school to learn writing and aritimetic. The other well dressed children teased and laughed at her. Rosa did not care. But she drew pictures, and thirsty and tired. He saw the well, these pictures were found out and she was sent home.

When Rose came home from school integration of the tumble-down house, and knocked, rat-

The stingy dwarf was pretending sweeping and was only sweeping crumbs under the mat. The selfish dwarf pretended sleep-

ing.
The generous dwarf was in the kitchen scrubbing the hearth with a mop. His sleeves were rolled up. He went to the door. The traveler ask-ed for a drink. He went to get his mug, but the handle was broken and the rim was niched, by his brothers. He asked his brothers for theirs, but they would not give it to him. So he took his mug and said, "I am sor-

Rosa Bonheur became a famous painter. Some of her paintings are Lions at Home, The Florse Fair and Highiand Cattle.

GRACE MAHONEY, Age 11.
Colchester.

The Birds' Home.

Each mother bird has her own way of making the nest, but there is one thing almost all of them try to do, and that is to hide it. They cannot put their little homes out in plain sight, as we do our houses, because so many greatures want to rob them—squirreis.

He asked his brothers for theirs, but they would not give it to him. So he took his mug and said, "I am sorry I haven't got a better mug to offer you."

The stranger asked if he had a big pail.

"Yes," said Generous, and he ran to get it.

The stranger dipped water in the pail of water. At the first dip, the handle became new; at the second dip the mug turned new, and the house to a beautiful house! The third dip the brothers came running out, gentle and line as ever.

His brothers never again were selkind as ever. His brothers never again were sel-

BERTHA TAFFEL, Age 12.

ESTHER SHERSHEVSKY, Age 12 Norwich.

Surprises of Vacation.

"Say, girls, let's go to the woods and have a little picnic! You know we can sit under the nice pine trees, they are soo cool, and that pretty little brook which runs along the mountain will be so refreshing to us on this hot day."

This was along the Mansfield.

Washington went to Lafnystte with his men. Cornwallis was surrounded. He had only one way to escape, that was to cross the York river and retreat. A heavy storm stopped him. After three weeks he surrendered, ELIZAPETH PARKER, Age 13 Mansfield.

This was the speech Grace Ashley gave to her companions on Wednesday morning, the day after school was out, and all the merry girls and boys had put their books away once more

had put their books away once more for the good, eld summer vacation.

"Just the thing," cried five other girls. "We will all go this afternoon at 1 o'clock.

"Yes, and we can take mother's big lunch basket and bring some nice cookies, and cheese crackers, and some cookies, and cheese crackers, and some one.

We brought it home and the next day my father went down street and

So after dinner five young girls were busily preparing for their little outing to the woods, and at last everything being ready, the merry group started on their way.

"My! Isn't this just grand!" exclaimed the girls. "Grace, you are a peach for thinking of such a thing."

"Now Midred, you bring the water from the brook, while Loretta will lay the spread for the goodles."

"Edna, you may pick some of the pretty flowers along the brook, but do be careful and not fall in, while Grace and I will look around and see what we can find." This time it was Pauline Ashe who spoke, for she was the ine Ashe who spoke, for she was the oldest of the group and had had ex-

perience with the arrangements of berience with the arrangements of bicnic outlings before. But it wasn't long before Mildred came running back all excited, "Oh, Pauline, Edna has fallen into the lit-le stream, what shall we do?" Eagerly the girls ran back to where Edna May was, and were more than surprised to see her standing on the little bank of the sparkling brook with

not a tear in her eyes, and carefully brushing her pretty pink dress, all the while saying to herself, "Now, what will mama and the girls say when they see me all wet? And Pauline told me not to fall in, but I just couldn't help it. My feet slipped and I couldn't stop them from falling."
The girls took her by the hand and brought her back with them to the place where Loretta had laid the dain-

Now, girls, please sit down and eat

before we have any more mishaps," said the dainty maid. So when every one was seated. Edna began to tell how she happened to fall into the stream, being sure to mention it wasn't her fault, for her feet just gave away and in she tumbled.

How the girls did laugh, and how they enjoyed the lunch, no one knew It was a typical summer day. The they enjoyed the sun was shining bright, the birds but themselves. At 7 o'clock they started home and what do you suppose happened? Well, of course, Edna fell asleep and each of course, Edna fell asleep and each girl had to take turns in carrying her, but another great surprise they received when they arrived home was that their aunt from New York had arrived, for you know these little girls were cousins, Edna and Mildred being sisters.

The nurse says: "I am sending you the photograph of a happy, healthy baby who suffered from a chafed, sore, inflamed skin and was relieved

skin and was relieved immediately by Sykes' Comfort Powder. In my work as a nurse I have found Comfort Powder to be 'a healing wonder' for itching, chafing, scalding and skin soreness."—Martha B. Pursel, Reg. Nurse, Berwick, Pa. Not a plain talcum powder, but a highly medicated preparation which combines medicated preparation which combines healing, soothing and antiseptic qualities unequalled to heal skin soreness of infants, children and sick people. Used and endorsed for 20 years by leading physicians, nurses and mothers. Ask for Sykes' Comfort Powder.

At Drug and Dep't Stores, 25 cents. THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.

mother, and what a happy world!" Stafford Springs. ANGUE WHITE,

Too Many Witnesses.

"Do not play in the schoolhouse."
LOUIS POLLOCK, Age 12.

Eagleville. Greene and Cornwallis. When General Gates went north in disgrace Greene was put in command of the southern armies.

Out of door air is the purest of air.
For this reason we should live in the open air as much as possible.

Gypsies are usually strong and Greene sent General Morgan against Out of door air is the purest of air. For this reason we should live in the open air as much as possible.

Gypsies are usually strong and healthy, although they are exposed to all sorts of weather.

Such games as golf, tennis, football and baseball are excellent for young people, because they not only give exercise, but outdoor exercise which means that the player gets long breaths of good air.

Bicycling is fine exercise if the rider sits straight, rides slowly, and stops before he is too tired; skating and rowing are also good exercises.

Every boy and girl who lives near the ocean, a lake, river, or pond should learn to swim.

Walking is a good exercise, too, because it allows one to take fresh air into the lungs.

Children should run and jump as well as walk.

When we want the fire in the stove to burn faster we open the draft to give it more air. In this way is the body when we walk fast or run.

ESTHER SHERSHEVSKY, Age 12

Norwich.

6,000 fresh troops in command of

The Menagerie. My mother was always wishing for canary bird but she thought her wish never would come true.

At last the Stafford fair came and

olives, and these crackers, and some olives, and that nice big box of strawberries that the groceryman brought to our house this morning," said tiny Edna May.

"That's just it, little girlle!" cried all the girls, "we musn't forget that basket!"

So after dinner five young girls took a trip to New York and when he came home to our surprise he

Woodchucks.

Dear Uncle Jed: My father told my pungest brother and I that he would give us ten cents for every wood-chuck we could catch. I have had two raps set for them all summer.
The other day my brother was coming from the potato field and saw a little woodchuck only half grown. He had a hoe and tried to hit him, but could not. That night he told me about

it and I set a trap there. The next morning I looked at it and I had the My brother, who has written many stories to you has caught five. The small woodchucks will run and play like kittens. They are cunning at play, but they are very destructive as they eat grass, clover, and all

tinds of vegetables.

They also trample down the grass, to it is hard to mow. I think they must be hungry after sleeping all winter in the ground.
FRANK M GRAY, Age 9.

The Load of Hay. Dear Uncle Jed: Mr. Smith, a farm-er, was coming home from work one night when he saw a load of hay by his gate. A boy was working hard trying to put it in a wagon.

Mr. Smith said: "You seem to be tired working. Won't you have some

"No," said the boy, 'my father wouldn't like it."

"Never mind, I don't think he'd care," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh, yes, he would," said the boy.

"Your father must be a queer man,"
said Mr. Smith "Why wouldn't he said Mr. Smith. "Why wouldn't he "Because he's under the hay," said

HELEN LOWENBERGER, Age 9. Norwich.

Itching, Chafing

Baby's Skin

Nothing heals like

Here is proof and baby's picture